Mischief Making

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. CXXIX.

MISCHIEF-MAKING;

AN INTERLUDE,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

J. B. BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

Author of "A Husband at Sight," "Popping the Question," "Luke the Laborer," "Billy Taylor," &c.

AS PERFORMED IN THE LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume, Cast of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions, and the whole of the Stage Business.

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L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance. Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance. Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

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MISCHIEF-MAKING.

SCENE I.—A Landscape—A Rustic Wicket, opening to a Lawn, C.—*Washerwoman's shed,* L. S. E.—*a cottage,* R. S. E.

LOUISE, JANE, *and* JACQUET *discovered, washing, ironing, and spreading clothes—three women also ironing in the shed.*

CHORUS.

AIR.—'*Malbrook.*'

Now, ladies, get on with your labor,—
Then, hey for the dance and the tabor!
Or, perhaps with a sociable neighbor,
We'll finish the day with a chat.
The clouds through the sky are flying,
Our linen will soon be drying.
Now, ladies, get on, &c.

Lou. Well, ladies, I think we have taken time by the forelock, this morning, and now we can have a few minutes' gossip, and then to work again; but where's Manette, I wonder?

Jac. You may depend upon it, she's not idle; if her hands are unemployed, her tongue is at work. What a woman it is for tittle-tattle, and small talk, to be sure!

Jane. Where does she pick up all the news she brings us every morning?

Jac. What she don't hear she invents. I know her well; if the truth fails to furnish her with sufficient matter, she has no objection to draw upon her imagination for the deficiency—anything for a little bit of mischief-making. For my part, I make it a rule to believe only the third part of a quarter of what she says.

Lou. She certainly is acquainted with every one's affairs.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—[Mischief-Making.]

	LONDON. ADELPHI, 1830.	ST. LOUIS. 1847.	BURTON'S. NEW YORK.
Henry Desgrais, a young Officer,	Mr. Hemmings,	Mr. Wright,	Mr. Holman
Oliver Guiot, a Fisherman,	Mr. Downe,	Mr. Hickmott,	Mr. Bishop.
Nicholas Dovetail, a Carpenter,	Mr. Buckstone,	R. Russel,	Mr. Moore.
Villager,		Mr. Johns,	Mr. Lawson.
Madame Manette, Washerwoman,	Mrs. Fitzwilliams,	Mrs. Lewis,	Miss P. Marshall.
Jacquette, }	Mrs. Daly,	Miss Sylvia,	Mrs. Dunn.
Louise, } Washerwomen,	Miss Daly,	E. Deering,	Miss Florence.
Jane, }	Mrs. Gallot,	M. Deering,	Miss Tree.
Therese, Oliver's adopted daught.	Miss M. Glover,	Miss Coad,	Miss Miller.

Villagers, Washerwomen, &c.

SCENE—The Village of St. Remy, France.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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CITY OF MANCHESTER LIBRARIES

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Lou. She certainly is acquainted with every one's affairs.

Jac. The woman makes it her business to be so; and she really does make me laugh sometimes when I listen to her. Well, well, as long as she don't interfere with me, I shall not interfere with her.

Manette sings without, R. U. E.

Lou. Hush! here she is.

Jane. She must not hear us speaking of her.

Enter MANETTE, *with a basket of linen under her arm, through the gate*, R. U. E.—*She comes down*, R, *and crosses to the shed*, L. S. E.

Man. Here I am, ladies; I dare say you think I am late this morning, but I shall bustle about and make up for lost time. Have any of you seen Therese this morning? Her wedding is to take place to-day.

Lou. She's very busy at her toilette, bless you! making herself look as handsome as possible for the occasion.

Man. Depend on't, they'll be a very unhappy couple; that Nicholas is such a conceited coxcomb; and, besides that, he is getting a wife under false pretences.

Jac. Indeed!

Man. Yes; he passes himself off for a master carpenter, when I'm certain he's only a journeyman; and, besides, I met little Lissette, assistant to Madame Chabot, the mercer, who was carrying home Therese's wedding-dress; if you had but seen it—silk, trimmed with lace, bless you! and a petticoat, too!—Think of that, ladies—the daughter of a fisherman to have a silk dress. What an idiot Oliver must be to ruin himself for a girl that, perhaps, after all, may not be any relation to him.

Lou. No relation! she's his daughter, is she not?

Man. It may be so, and it may not be so.

All. It's some secret! Do tell us! do tell us.

Man. Not for the world! I would not scandalize the poor girl, upon any account. Nothing is so odious to me as a gossipping woman.

Jac. But you have discovered some mystery abou Therese; I know you have.

Lou. & *Jane.* } Ay, that you have.

All. Do tell us! do tell us!

Man. No: it's a secret that my poor mother confided to me. I assure you, I have only given the outline of the story to my

three sisters-in-law, just mentioned it to my godfather, and delicately whispered it to five or six of my most intimate friends, and then it popp'd out in an unguarded moment; for, when people begin to talk, people must have something to talk about, and, consequently, people often talk about things they ought not to talk about, merely because people don't like to let the conversation flag.

Jac. But you know how very secret I am.

Lou. And you know I vever mention anything again.

Jane. And you know I never speak at all.

Man. Well, I think I may venture to trust you. You must know, once on a time, Oliver, the fisherman, married a fine lady for love; then he had a little daughter; then that little daughter died; then he went away with his wife to some strange place; then he returned without any wife, and this Therese, who passed for his daughter; took possession of that cottage, and has lived there ever since, as if nothing had happened.

Jac. Are you sure of that?

Man. My mother worked in that shed, at the very time, and knew the whole affair.

Jac. Then, who can Therese be?

Man. Oh, she may be his daughter; I don't positively say she's not: but what a shocking creature Nicholas must be.

Lou. How so?

Man. Didn't you know, that he once made violent love to little Lissette, the mercer's assistant? Oh, yes, he did; and since this marriage has been determined upon, the poor girl has got so frightfully thin. Ah, what a lesson for us ladies; all I hope is, that we shall never be so deceived and deluded. Oh, ladies, beware of love.

DUETTO *and* CHORUS.—MANETTE, JACQUET, *and Washerwomen.*

Man. Ladies, ladies, guard your hearts,—
Men are all deceivers;
To forms be blind—to vows be deaf,—
At least, be not believers.
Think yourselves all men above;
But, most of all, beware of love.

Chorus. Beware of love!

Jac. Ladies, ladies, tease them well!
Affect sometimes affection,
Retort on them the arts they use,
Then leave them to reflection;
All thoughts of pity be above,
But most of all beware of love.

Chorus. Beware of love!

[*All but Manette go into the shed.*

Enter THERESE, *from the cottage, in her wedding-dress*, R. S. E.

Man. [*Advancing to her, taking her hand cordially.*] Oh, my dear Therese! how happy I am to see you; what an uncommonly delightful becoming dress, to be sure. [*Aside to the Washerwomen.*] Did you ever see such a fright?

Women. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

The. I'm glad to see my friends so merry, this morning.

Enter OLIVER, *from the cottage*, R. S. E.

Oli. Ah, Manette! good day to you.

Man. My dear Mr. Oliver! how glad I am to see you.

Oli. The ladies are all very busy, I see.

Washerwomen. Oh, yes, indeed! [*Laughing*] Ha ha!

[*Manette goes to the shed.*

Oli. Well, my dear, [*To Therese,*] all is now comfortably arranged for your wedding with Nicholas. I have been making out a list of invitations, but I am afraid Madame Laurette, the park-gate keeper's wife will not be able to honor us with her company.

Man. [*To the Washerwomen.*] Do you hear? Honor us with her company!

[*The Washerwomen laugh—Oliver looks at them—they suddenly stop, while Manette proceeds with her occupation, humming a tune.*

Oli. Well, Manette? *honor* us with her company. I'm sure she's a very worthy woman.

Man. Oh, I don't pretend to deny that she's a gate-keeper's wife, certainly; her husband is a very good sort of a man, and never allows his wife to open the gate upon any account to any one, but one, and I certainly have noticed that, when young Mr. Durand, the rich notary's son, appears, the husband always pops in as the wife pops out; and a cousin of mine positively observed, the last time Madame Laurette opened the gate for young Mr. Durand, that he absolutely winked his eye at her.

Oli. Come, come ; let's banish all ill-nature on such a day as this. I shall expect to see you all at the wedding, where, I hope, a merry dance will make us friends, for a few hours, at least.

Man. Oh, bless you! I bear no one any animosity. I never say anything myself. Bless me, how very late Nicholas is this morning—it is undoubtedly not very polite to keep a lady waiting, on her wedding-morning ; well, I wish you all sorts of happiness, though I'm afraid I shall not be able to honor the ceremony with my presence.

[*Crosses to* R.—*all the Washerwomen come from the shed.*]

Jac. (R.) [*Crossing by Manette*, C.] Nor I.

Lou. [*Crossing by Manette*, C.] Nor I.

Man. People in very humble situations in life should never mix with people that are not in very humble situations in life. I either like wine or water, but wine and water is a mixture, and mixtures I don't at all approve of; though, wherever I may be, I never forget that I am Madame Manette, principal laundress to the village of St. Remy.

[*Courtesying, crossing, and walking up and down consequentially.*]

Lou. And that I am Louise, her principal assistant.

[*Courtesying, crossing, &c.*

Jane. And that I am her second assistant.

[*Courtesying, crossing, &c.*

Jac. [*Courtesying.*] And that I am a married woman with a good character and a little money.

All. [*Courtesying.*] And that we are all ladies.

Oli. Well, I shall expect you all.

Man. I may come certainly ; Therese knows I am her best friend.

Lou. And I am sure she knows what delight I always take in her company.

Jac. & *Jane.* } And I!

Oli. Then away with you, and make yourselves as smart as possible.

Jac. I sha'l just step to the milliner's, and select a new cap.

[*Exit at the gate*, C.

Jane. I must run and look out a white frock.

[*Exit at the gate*, C.

Lou. So must I; Manette will look to our work while we are gone. Come along, ladies.

Exeunt Washerwomen at the gate, C.—*Manette goes into the shed, and employs herself ironing.*

The. What can detain Nicholas so long, father?

Oli. Perhaps he has not arranged all his little matters, or perhaps——

Man. [*From the shed.*] Oh, don't be so impatient! When a young man is about to be married, he has an immense deal to do; he has to pack up all his little articles, and endeavor to break politely with all his former acquaintances. In short, when a young man is about to be married, he must shake off all his incumbrances, that he may be able to support his new one.

Oli. That woman will always be talking.

Man. Bless you, I'm waiting till my iron cools.

Oli. And, in the meantime, your tongue gets red hot. Nicholas will soon arrive, my child; so wait you here, while I go and prepare all that is necessary.

[*Exit Oliver into the house,* R. U. E.—*Nicholas sings without,* R.]

The. Ah, here he comes. I knew he could not far off.

Enter NICHOLAS *through the gate,* C., *with a basket in his hand.*

Nic. Ah, my dear Therese, you are the first at your post but don't think I am a sluggard—I have been detained making some purchases for you—I thought I would not let the opportunity slip of taking a lesson in economy, so I stayed to cheapen as many things as I wanted to buy, for when young people are married, they should be equally careful of love and money, as both are very much inclined to be occasionally flighty—kiss me, my dear. [*Kisses her.*] O, I shall make a capital husband!

Man. [*From the shed.*] How d'ye do, how d'ye do, Mr. Nicholas?—You are a happy fellow.

Nic. Ah, Manette, good morning to you—but my dear Therese, you don't look so delighted as you ought to be.

The. I only think you might have made more haste.

Nic. You'll forgive me when you see what I have bought you. There's a beautiful damask table-cloth, a silver thimble, a ball of cotton, a pair of scissors, a shawl, a little white petticoat, two blue ditto, a pair of nut-crackers, three yards and a half of flannel, a glass to boil eggs by, a toasting-fork, and, as no one knows what may happen, here's a child's cap. [*Putting them in her lap.*]

Accept all these, my dear, to begin housekeeping with, and now take my arm and accept myself.

[*Therese puts them in the basket and takes his arm.*

Man. [*Coming from the shed.*] Nicholas, where did you buy all these nicknacks ?

Nic. What's that to you ?

Man. Oh, I'm not at all inquisitive.

Nic. Let me see how you look in the shawl, Therese.

[*She puts the shawl on—Manette crosses*, c.

Man. Very pretty, indeed ; I declare it makes the new beautiful silk gown quite contemptible.

Nic. A silk gown ! I didn't know you had so handsome a gown, Therese.

The. I think it very becoming, myself.

Man. [*Aside to Nicholas.*] That dress is too fine for a carpenter's wife. If you wish to avoid being talked about, don't let her wear it. I know it's a present.

Nic. A present !

Man. Hush !

Nic. Therese, where did you get that gown ? [*Aside.*] Manette's very right.

Man. [*Aside to Therese.*] Bless me ! what a tone to speak in ! I should like to hear my intended say, 'where did you get that gown ?'

The. My father gave it me.

Nic. [*Aside to Nicholas.*] You are not obliged to believe that.

Nic. [*Crossing to* c.] As I live, it is trimmed with lace ! Why, Therere, what do you think people will say, when we are going to be married ? How they will stare, to be sure, and wonder what Nicholas Dovetail, the carpenter, can do with a wife in a silk gown trimmed with lace : it isn't at all proper.

The. Oh, nonsense !

Nic. I say it's not !

Man. [*Aside to Nicholas.*] That's right, speak like a man.

The. Well ; but consider, Nicholas, my father——

Nic. (c.) Don't talk to me about your father.

Man. (L.) Now, my dear friends, don't have words about such a trifle—if you quarrel before you are married, you are sure to fight afterwards, and how shocking that will be—don't disagree about a paltry gown.

Nic. [*Crossing to* L.] I tell you I won't be laughed at.
Man. (C.) [*Aside to Nicholas.*] Don't be spoken to in that way.
The. (R.) I tell you, my father gave it me.
Man. [*Aside to Nicholas.*] That's impossible.
The. I will wear it.
Man. [*Aside to Therese.*] That's right.
Nic. You shall not!
Man. [*Aside to Nicholas.*] Bravo! don't flinch.
Nic. I won't.
The. You are so apt to find fault, Nicholas.
Nic. No, I am not.
Man. [*Aside to Therese.*] Oh, you'll be very unhappy.
Nic. Will you take off that gown?
Man. [*Aside to Therese.*] No!
The. No!
Nic. Then I've done with you; if you won't obey me to-day, what must I expect to-morrow?
Man. [*Aside to Nicholas.*] Bravo, bravo!
Nic. You think of nothing but your dress and your looking-glass.
The. And you are always thinking of yourself; you are a conceited fellow.
Nic. And you are a vain minx.
The. [*Going.*] Very well, sir; I've done with you for ever. [*Returns.*] And I never wish to speak to you any more.
Nic. [*Going.*] Very well, madam: I never will speak to you any more. [*Returns.*
The. And there, sir, is your basket of trumpery. [*Throws the basket at him.*] And, believe me, I throw you from my heart as easily.
Nic. Very well, madam. [*Aside.*] I'll make 'em take 'em back again at half-price.

[*They are both going, but, suddenly returning at the same moment, they run against each other.*]

The. Don't come near me again, sir.
Nic. You may depend upon it, I never will, madam.
The. And now, sir, we part for ever.
Nic. We part for ever.
[*Exeunt Nicholas,* L. U. E. *Therese into the house,* R. S. E.

Man. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! how delightful, to be sure: this will make a charming subject for a little bit of gossip, this evening.—Let me see, how shall I tell the story in the village? I must say that Oliver was present—ah! that will heighten the scene. Then Nicholas said, I will not suffer you to wear that dress—then Therese replied, but I will wear it—I don't know how you got it, says the intended—that is of no consequence, adds the father, she shall wear it—then commenced a smart fire of 'I wills,' 'you shalls,' and 'you sha'nts,' till a regular battle commenced—yes; a battle—I must say they fought; that will make the tale so interesting—yes—they fought—Nicholas knocked Oliver down—then Therese scratched his face—then Nicholas boxed her ears—then she screamed—then Oliver got up again, and tore Nicholas's waistcoat to ribands—then he swore, and Therese stormed—then Oliver tore his hair from his head by handfuls, till Therese was carried away by her father, in a fainting fit, and Nicholas was left for dead at the house-door. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! charming—delightful!

SONG.—MANETTE.

AIR.—*Ca ira.*

Nothing can be so delightful to me
As a little bit of bobbery and mischief-making:
What should I do, a long day through,
If it were not for the pleasure of a charming chat?
So very melancholy I should be,
Sighing, dying, dead with ennui:
Indeed, 'tis the only thing to keep one waking.

AIR.—'*Di tanti palpiti.*'

Let the neighbors spite me as they may,
When folks become impleasant, why, one's not obliged
to love them;
And should they take their washing away,
I still shall be above them.

At the opera I could shine,
Prima donna I should be,
For I sing and play divine
On the hurdy gurdy—

AIR—*Quick movement of the 'Minuet de la Cour.'*

Besides I can dance
Delightfully a minuet
With any one in France,
And with my talents set
All the women envious—each looking like a dragoness ;
Young men and elderly, in ecstatic agonies.
Though one and all
Must clap and call,
Bravo, Manette !

[*Repeats and dance—goes into the shed and commences ironing.*
Enter HENRY DESGRAIS, L. U. E., *through the wicket*, C.

Hen. [*Advancing.*] I must now be at the end of my journey, and this, if I have been rightly informed, is the village of St. Remy, the residence of old Oliver, the fisherman. Poor Therese ! I dare say I shall not know her again ; and she, poor girl, is little aware of the existence of a brother : her birth and name have necessarily been concealed, but I hope, when acknowledging her as my sister, I shall still find her worthy of her father and family. [*To Manette.*] Madame, can you inform me———

Man. [*Coming from the shed.*] If you want a washerwoman, sir, this is the best establishment in the village ; do you wish to settle by the year, month, or week ?

Hen. I wish to know which is the house of Oliver Guiot, a fisherman ?

Man. Oh, you want Oliver, do you ? An order for fish, sir ?

Hen. I merely wish to know where he resides.

Man. You won't be able to see him—he's in a dreadful state of perplexity—his daughter, Therese, was to have been married this morning, but the match is broken off.

Hen. Therese to be married, say you ?

Man. I'll tell you the whole affair, sir. This Therese, you must know, is a vain little creature who fancies all the men are in love with her, and really gives herself such airs, that she is the talk of the whole village. I don't know what people don't say.

Hen. Do they speak ill of her ?

Man. Oh, dreadful ! Such mystery ; and the result is, that

her intended has this morning renounced her for ever ; but that is no great loss, for he's a very shocking young man, indeed.

Hen. My sister disgraced in a village, while I have been serving my country ? Which is Oliver's house ? Tell me immediately.

Man. Dear me, are you the brother of Therese ? Oh, my dear sir, I'm very sorry if I have made you unhappy ; but these are only reports, you know. How delighted Oliver will be to see such a handsome gentleman. He's always talking about you, sir ; and poor Therese, how enraptured she will be ! Ah, sir ! she's a good creature—so much adored by the whole country, so kind, so gentle, so amiable—I dare swear, sir, you've brought her home a large fortune.

Hen. 'Sdeath, madam ! stop your perpetual motion, and show me the place I'm seeking.

Man. That is the house of Oliver, sir

Hen. Why did you not say so before ?

[*Exit into the house,* R. S. E.

Man. He's a rich man, that's very plain; and Therese, too, she can't belong to Oliver—perhaps she's the daughter of a prince or a general—there is some great mystery at the bottom of this. Ah ! here comes Nicholas—poor fellow ! this will be sad news for him. *Enter* NICHOLAS, L. U. E.

Nic. What shall I do ?—What a fool I have been to quarrel with the woman I know I can't live without, and on the very day I was to have been married, too ; but I'll not be conquered —she shan't wear a silk gown trimmed with lace.

Man. Indeed ! then I can tell you, Mr. Nicholas, that the paltry silk gown must now give place to the cashmere shawls, feathers, and diamonds.

Nic. Pooh !

Man. Ah, you may pooh—Therese is not the daughter of Oliver.

Nic. No !

Man. No ; she is the daughter of a marquis ; her brother has just arrived—I've seen him, spoken to him—oh, such a fine man ! bless you, he arrived in a splendid carriage and eight ; it stopped here—he descended and approached me—I trembled and blushed to such a degree, I thought I should have fainted ; but he was so polite, asked me all the news about Therese and Oliver, told

me he had brought her an immense fortune—I mentioned you to him—I gave you an excellent character—then he stepped into my shed, admired my washing, asked me to take a place by his side in his carriage—I tittered and refused—he took me round the waist—kissed me on both sides of my face—turned a most elegant pirouette, and tripped on his toes into Oliver's cottage with the air of an angel.

Nic. What will become of me?—I'm a lost man.

Man. Yes, you've completely ruined yourself. If you had not been such a dunce as to have quarrelled with her this morning, you might have been married by this time, and just have popped in for about forty or fifty thousand pounds—don't it almost make you mad?

Nic. Forty or fifty thousand pounds! what an elegant shop I could have had—why did you make me quarrel with her?

Man. I make you quarrel! Bless me, I said nothing.

[*Exit into the shed.*

Nic. I shall go mad, distracted! If you were a man, I'd be revenged upon you. What shall I do?—I shall be laughed at through the village. Zounds! I'm between fire and water—I shall either shoot or drown myself. Well, never mind, I'll just go and mend Mother Gregoire's legs—that is, the legs of her easy chair, and then I'll return and do something dreadful.

[*Exit* L. U. E. *Enter* HENRY DESGRAIS *and* OLIVER, *from the house*, R. S. E.]

Hen. Your assurance that all I have heard is false has removed much uneasiness from my mind; and if she be the sweet tempered, unassuming girl you describe, I shall not repent my return to France. As she is not in the house, let my arrival remain a secret for the present, that I may observe her conduct in her humble station, and then how happy I shall be to share with her the little fortune left us by my father.

Oli. He was a brave man, Henry; and, though I served under him in the army, he always esteemed me as his friend.

Hen. And I trust I shall be enabled to make your circumstances comfortable, Oliver, in gratitude for your care of my sister since the time she was entrusted to your protection, when my poor father was taken prisoner.

Oli Don't mention that: but I must introduce you to Nicho-

las, her intended husband. Though not rich, yet, I assure you, he is honest and industrious, and, as they have loved each other so sincerely, I was certain you would not object to the match.

Hen. There are few nobler titles in the world, Oliver, than that of an honest and industrious man; but I would wish Nicholas also to remain ignorant of my arrival, and the money which I bring Therese, and if I see that he really loves and deserves her, he shall not be disappointed.

Oli. [*Aside.*] Then let me report that you've come here poor and dependent. [*Manette appears listening.*] An excellent opportunity offers to set such a report flying, Manette is in her shed, and she shall hear our conversation. [*Aloud.*] My poor Henry! the recital of your misfortunes and poverty has almost broken my heart.

Man. [*Starting.*] What do I hear?

Hen. I have nothing now but the consciousness of having done my duty, and my wounds to prove it o the world.

Man. Oh, dear, is that all?

Oli. Well, well, don't despair; your appearance in the clothes you've borrowed will remove all suspicion of your misfortunes in the village; but let us to the mayor. [*Aside.*] The notary's but a few steps from this place; so let us thither, to arrange your affairs, and return immediately. [*Exeunt*, R. U. E., *through the gate*, C.]

Man. [*Coming from the shed.*] Oh, ho! here's a discovery—wounds, poverty, misfortune! and now they are gone to the mayor—I dare say he's in some dreadful disgrace—committed some robbery, perhaps, and has gone to confess it. What a deal I have to say, and no one to tell anything to. I must run to the village immediately—my irons will get warm while I go.—Wounds! poverty! misfortune, beggary! robbery! villany!—Bless me! what a budget I have to carry.

[*Exit*, R. U. E., *chattering*, *through the gate*, C.

Enter NICHOLAS, L., *with an apron on—his thumb cut and a saw under his arm.*

Nic. [*Advancing.*] What a cruel state of mind I am in—I don't know what I am about—I've lost my faculties. I have almost sawed off my thumb, and very nearly swallowed my gimlet. I tried to eat a snack—dipped my bread and butter in the glue-

pot, and salted my meat with sawdust. I've lost a wife, lost my happiness, and now my senses are all taking off their hats to me, and bowing their final adieus.

Enter THERESE, *from the house* R. S. E., *in a plain dress—Nicholas perceives her.*

The. N—N—Nicholas!

Nic. [*Sobbing.*] T—T—Therese!

The. Did you speak to me?

Nic. I thought you spoke to me.

The. No.

Nic. What a sigh—Therese!

The. Sir!

Nic. Sir! that's a sledge-hammer syllable! That's a very pretty dress you have on now.

The. Is it?

Nic. Much better than the silk one, ha, ha, ha! [*Endeavors to laugh, but, seeing Therese does not return it, checks himself.*]—Do—do you think we shall have any rain to-day?

The. Y—y—yes.

Nic. [*Aside.*] Here's a shower come on in a moment! I can't endure this! But, if I seem to want to make it up, she'll think it is for the sake of her fortune. What can I do?

The. Very well, Mr. Nicholas; you see me standing here crying my eyes out, and you don't make the least attempt to console me.

Nic. [*Wiping her eyes with his apron.*] I'm sure I'm very sorry—I didn't know—I thought you might think—not that I have any hope now—only you—that is, me—I should be very willing—only—that is, I don't know——

The. Very willing to do what?

Nic. To be friends with you again. I've no objection, if you have none.

The. It's very unkind of you! If you had really loved me, you would not have quarrelled with me about a dress; but you see what I've done—I've taken it off now, and put on a plain one.

Nic. That is kind of you, especially now you have power to wear what you please. But, are we friends again? Yes—I know we are. Your eyes are now brightening up; there's a little bit of sunshine beaming from them and I see a sweet pretty

smile struggling into life, round your lips. Ah, now it's in full vigor, and I am again happy. So, let us kiss and be friends.

[*Embraces and kisses her.*

Re-enter MANETTE, R. U. E.

Man. Oh, you rash man, what are you about ?

Nic. Only smoothing the rough plank you placed between us this morning.

Man. Oh, such a misfortune.

The. & *Nic.* A misfortune.

Man. It's worse than a misfortune—it's a disgrace. Your brother has arrived, Therese.

The. My brother ! I have no brother !

Man. Oh yes, you have.

Nic. The rich man, my dear. Didn't you know ?

Man. Then you've not heard the news ? You have a brother —he has been in the army—has come here. Oh, such a poor, distressed, miserable object !

Nic. Who ?

Man. Therese's brother.

Nic. You told me he was rich—had a superb dress, carriage, and servants.

Man. That was half an hour ago : people's circumstances change in a very short time. Oh, such a fright ! He has on his back an old, rusty, dirty, never-to-be-discovered what sort of colored coat, black worsted stockings, covered with white darns, shoes tied up at the heels with whipcord ; an odious little hat on his head, with the rim almost nibbled away by the mice———

Nic. That won't do, Manette. A coat covered with gold is not in the habit of wearing out in half an hour.

Man. Hold your tongue ! And this brother says, [*To Therese*] that you are not the daughter of Oliver ; and he is at this moment at the mayor's, where he has gone to beg a few pence to carry him on his journey, and then he means to take you with him on his knapsack.

Re-enter HENRY DESGRAIS *and* OLIVER, L. U. E., *and remain at the back.*

Nic. What, take Therese away ? If he does, he must take me too.

The. I don't believe a word of it, Manette. You are endeavoring to make us quarrel again. A pretty thing, indeed, to insinuate that I'm not my father's daughter.

Man. There's no knowing whose daughter you are; and, as to Nicholas, he must be a pretty simpleton to marry a girl who don't know her own father, without a halfpenny in the world, and a ragged brother, to boot. [*Crossing to* L.

Nic. [*Crossing to C.*] Harkye, Manette—it's of no consequence to me whether Therese ever had a father, whether she be rich or poor; her brother ragged or smart. I love Therese, and I will marry her. If her brother wants clothes, I have more coats than one; if he wants a lodging, he shall share mine; if he wants support, I can but work harder to support him; and, even if I had Therese, her brother, her father, myself, and a dozen young carpenters to provide for beside, I should never despair, while I had my tools, a few planks, a light heart, and a stout arm. And now what have you to say?

[*Henry and Oliver come forward.*

Hen. [*Taking Nicholas by the hand.*] Thank ye, my fine fellow; I'm very much obliged to you. The brother of Therese stands before you; and, instead of requiring your assistance, presents you with his sister, and an income of three hundred a year.

The. Are you my brother, sir?

Hen. [*Crossing to Therese.*] I am, my dear girl. I dare say you are amazed; but, away to the notary, get married as fast as you can, and, after the wedding dinner, you shall know the whole mystery.

Nic. Three hundred a year! What a sawpit I will have!

Man. [*Courtesying*] Well, do you know, sir, I told Nicholas that you were a magnificent creature.

Louise, Jane, Jacquet, and Villagers. (*Without,* R. U. E.) Where's Manette? Where's Manette?

Enter LOUISE, JANE, JACQUET, *and Villagers through the gate,* C., *some of the Villagers dressed as for a wedding.*

Jac. (*To Manette.*) Oh, you hussy! You have been injuring my character at Madame Durant's. You have been insinuating that I am not married. How dare you scandalize me, madam?

Lou. (*To Manette.*) And how dare you go to the cook at the house, and say that I was once only a tumbler on the slack wire at Paris?—How dare you say that, madam?

Jane. (*To Manette.*) And how dare you say that I rouge, and paint my eyebrows, you spiteful creature?

Man. I never said anything of the kind.

All. You did! You know you did! You did!

(*They box her ears, and chase her about, slapping her back.*)

Enter a Villager, L. U. E.

Vil. Oh, Manette, your boat is sinking! Some one has made a hole in the bottom of it, and all your linen is floating down the river.

Omnes. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! she's rightly served.

Man. Oh, dear, what shall I do! I know who has done it. You may laugh, ladies, but I'll never speak to you again. I'll work by myself, talk to myself, live by myself, and die by myself. [*Exit*, R.

Omnes. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Nic. Now this mischief-making Manette has left us, I hope the remainder of the day will be passed in mirth and happiness; but let us ever remember that the best method of securing friendship and esteem is to speak well of our friends whenever we can, and, when we cannot, to be silent.

FINALE.

AIR.—'*Carnival of Venice.*'

The. We'll all in future look at home before we rate a neighbor.

Nic. The time that's lost in gossiping had best be pass'd in labor.

The. When I see a couple slyly kiss, I'll be no notice taking.

Nic. But mind you never mention this, for fear of mischief-making.

Re-enter MANETTE, R.

Man. I've just stepped back, (*To the Characters,*) but not to you,—

To the Audience.

My friends, I hope you'll pity my plight:
If I give you my word to be silent now,
May I chatter again another night?

Cho. Whate'er we see another do,
Let none be notice taking;
With this we leave our fates to you,
And our own Mischief-making.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Villagers. *Villagers.*

HEN. THE. NIC. MAN. OLI. JAN. JAC. LOUISE.

R.) (L.

THE END.